

Trudy

Would you liken your wife to a thistle, a common weed?
Hardly. But as I watch it grow in driveway's concrete crack
with its now five-foot stature I think, Yes, Dear God,
it's like my wife. It grows unabashedly. I think, What do neighbors
think? None of our cul-de-sac's manicured lawns tolerate a solitary
weed and here's my wife and thistle, utterly pleased.

Am I embarrassed? Yes, at least I was. Now I see its growth,
blossoming nobility, what it can be. She's named it "Trudy,"
addresses it each day, caring not an iota what anyone might say.

I love my wife's creativity, ability to be herself. She's open to
potential in everyone, even a weed. Like the way she gives
Trudy space.

Dick Brugger